No. 5.

MY

LITTLE SONG BOOK.

CONCORD, N. H.

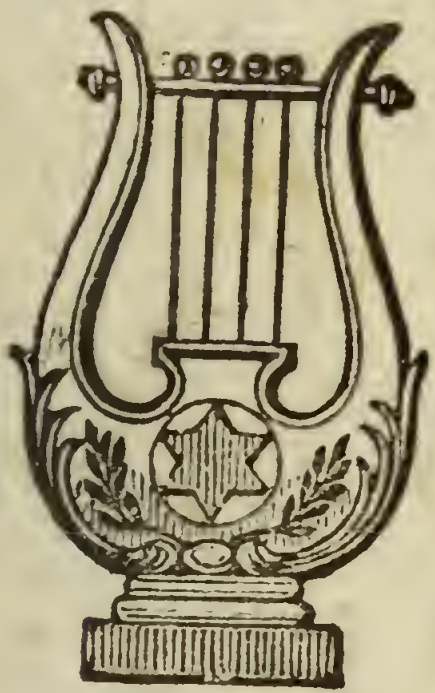
RUFUS MERRILL & CO.

1843.

MY LITTLE

SONG BOOK.

BY MY FRIEND.



CONCORD, N. H.
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The Alphabet.

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U

V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g

h i j k l m n

o p q r s t u

v w x y z

MY LITTLE
SONG BOOK.

THE BUTTERFLY.

O what a pretty butterfly!
How beautiful its wings!
O see it fly, now low, now high,
From flower to flower it springs.

O, catch it for me, sister, pray;
It sits on yonder rose;
How I should like to have it stay;
Now catch it—there it goes.

I may not catch it, dearest child;
If once it was your own,
Its prettywings would soon be spoil'd
And all its beauty gone.

O, then, dear sister, let it fly,
Poor little playful thing;
I could not bear to see it die,
Nor spoil its pretty wing.

GOD MADE THE SKY.

God made the sky so bright and blue,
God made the grass so green;

He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the little birds to fly,
How sweetly they have sung!
And though they soar so very high,
They won't forget their young.

God made the cow to give us milk,

The horse for us to use;
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light,—
How thankful I should be!

God made the moon and stars on high,
To rule the darksome night:
How bright they shine in yonder sky,
To cheer us with their light!

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE ROBIN.

There came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin;
She came there to sing.

The tune that she sung,
It was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On the flute or guitar.

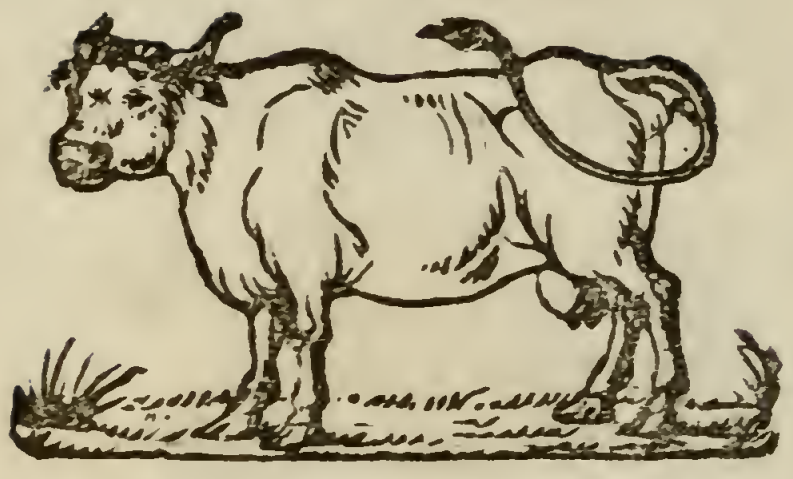
She raised her light wings,
To soar off far away;
Then resting a moment,
Seemed sweetly to say:—

O happy, how happy
This world seems to be!
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me.

The sweet bird then mounted
Upon her light wing,
And flew to a tree-top,
And there she did sing.

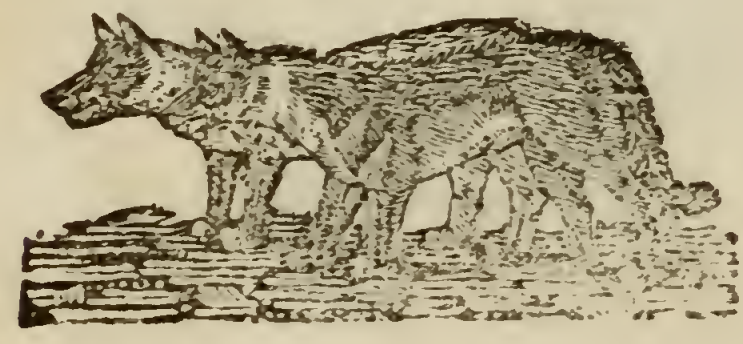
I listened delighted,
And hoped she would stay,
And come to my window
At dawn of the day.

THE COW.



Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk, to soak my bread;
Every morning, every night,
Fresh and warm, and sweet and white.

O how thankful I should be!
God, who all my wants doth see,
Daily gives me pleasant food,
Watching over me for good.



A PRETTY PEAR-TREE.

Out in a beautiful field,
There stands a pretty pear-tree

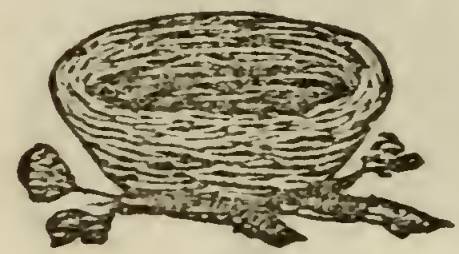
What is there on the tree?
A very pretty branch;

branch on the tree,
tree in the ground.

What is there on the branch?
A very pretty bough;
bough on the branch,

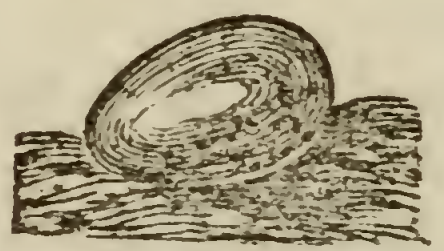
branch on the tree,
tree in the ground.

What is there on the bough?
A very pretty nest;



nest on the bough,
bough on the branch,
branch on the tree,
tree in the ground.

What is there in the nest?
A very pretty egg;



egg in the nest,
nest on the bough,

bough on the branch,
branch on the tree,
tree in the ground.

What is there in the egg?
A very pretty bird;
bird in the egg,
egg in the nest,
nest on the bough,
bough on the branch,
branch on the tree,
tree in the ground.

MY KITE.

O look at my kite!
Almost out of sight;
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies!

Pretty kite! pretty kite!
Almost out of sight,
Pray what do you spy
In the bright blue sky?

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb;
. Its fleece was white as snow;

And every where that Mary went,
The Lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm

As if he said, I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm.

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry;
O! Mary loves the lamb, you know,
The teacher did reply.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

THE CAT.

I like little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me, because
I am gentle and good.

GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
I do lay my little head,
And the rain, and wind; and storm,
Cannot come unto my bed.

Many little children poor,
Have not any where to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this;
So, my dear mamma, good night:
Give your little girl a kiss.

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